



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Jefferson, Joseph.

Rip van Winkle.

812.3
J45vq





911000

RIP VAN WINKLE

AS PLAYED BY

Joseph Jefferson

Excat
STANFORD LIBRARY

812.3.

JA5r.7
Drama

653422

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Reprinted by special permission of the heirs of Mr. Joseph
Jefferson and of Dodd, Mead and Company.

VSASL: 08078410

RIP VAN WINKLE

Rip Van Winkle is a growth. The first attempts to dramatize Irving's story began about ten years after its publication in 1819. On May 26, 1828, a play by that name was produced on the Albany stage by Thomas Flynn, written by an anonymous native of that town. Durang tells us that in October, 1829, a new drama founded on Washington Irving's tale was produced for the first time in Philadelphia. He further states that it was by John Kerr, an actor to whom he refers as "Old Mr. Kerr" and that it had a long run of success. Kerr was an English actor, who came to this country in 1827, with his two children, a boy and girl. They were all members of the troupe brought by Francis C. Wemyss for the Chestnut Street Theatre. This version was printed in Philadelphia without date, and gives the cast at the Walnut Street Theatre and at Tottenham Street Theatre in London. In Philadelphia, W. Chapman and later Hackett played "Rip" and J. Jefferson, "Knickerbocker." This may have been the first Joseph Jefferson as he was still acting that season, or it may have been John Jefferson, his son. The cast in London includes Master Kerr as "Gustaffe" and Miss Kerr as "Lowenna," and the date of their arrival in Philadelphia naturally indicates that this version had an earlier performance in London which, indeed, seems to have been the case. Hackett also acted in a version prepared by W. Bayle Bernard, and the second Joseph Jefferson had a version also. Charles Burke, half brother to the third Joseph Jefferson, revised Kerr's version and acted "Rip" in it, at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia in 1850. Mr. Jefferson himself acted in this version, taking the part of "Seth Slough," the landlord of the inn. While there are certain changes, notably in expression, Burke's version is much like Kerr's. Mr. Jefferson tells us that the idea of acting "Rip" came to him in the year 1859 when reading the life of Irving and he proceeded first to work up his costume and then with some aid from the older versions to produce a play in three acts which was acted in Washington. The play was disappointing, although the character was there. In 1865 Mr. Jefferson requested Dion Boucicault to revise the play, which he did and this composite drama was produced at the Adelphi Theatre in London September 4, 1865.

This was a three-act version, and Mr. Jefferson later changed it to four acts by dividing the first act into two. A comparison between the versions of Kerr and Burke and that given in this volume will show many changes in the structure of the plot. In the first place the plot is simpler and the ending is more natural. *The pathetic scene at the end of the second act in which Gretchen turns Rip*

out of doors is not found in the earlier versions. In these there is a contract of marriage between Rip's daughter and Herman; in the Jefferson version this becomes an acknowledgment that he makes to Derrick that he is to give him all his property in exchange for sixteen pounds Derrick has given him. The love story between Knickerbocker and Alice is eliminated and Knickerbocker's election to Congress with the consequent political interest is omitted. The changes in the plot, however, are not so significant as the changes in character drawing and in language. Mr. Jefferson says in his introduction to the play:

"From the moment Rip meets the spirits of Hendrick Hudson and his crew, I felt that the colloquial speech and lazy and commonplace actions of Rip should cease. After he meets the elves, in the third act, the play drifts from realism into idealism and becomes poetical. After this it is a fairy tale, and the prosaic elements of the character should be eliminated, and because Rip is a fairy he neither laughs nor eats in the fourth act." Another idea of Mr. Jefferson's was to arrange that in his interview with the dwarfs no voice but Rip's was to be heard, thus imparting a more lonely and desolate character to the scene.

While the supernatural interest is, therefore, made more definite there is a growth also in the depth of the human interest. Fewer characters are introduced, and consequently there is more time to develop the relations of Rip, his wife and his daughter. The language owes little to the earlier version—outside of a few phrases in the last act, when Rip enters the village, the speeches are practically all different. How much of this difference is due to Boucicault it is of course now impossible to say, but since Mr. Jefferson undoubtedly made changes from time to time it is safe to assume that by the time the play was printed in 1895 it was mostly his own. The text of the play as given by him was first published in that year by Dodd, Mead and Company, sumptuously illustrated, with an introduction by Mr. Jefferson. Through the courtesy of the Jefferson family, especially Mrs. Joseph Jefferson and Mr. Frank Jefferson, and of Dodd, Mead and Company, the editor is able to reproduce this text.

The version by John Kerr, *Rip Van Winkle or The Demons of the Catskill Mountains! A National Drama*, Philadelphia, n. d. is hard to obtain. The version by Charles Burke, *Rip Van Winkle, a Legend of the Catskills*, was published by Samuel French as No. CLXXIV, of their "Standard Drama."

Joseph Jefferson was a member of the fourth generation of a family of actors who have borne prominent parts in theatrical history. Thomas Jefferson (1728?–1807) his great-grandfather, an English actor, was the first of the line, and his son, the first Joseph Jefferson (1774–1832), came to this country in 1795, and after a short season in Boston, acted in New York until 1803. He then became the leading comedian at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and on the stage of this city he remained for twenty-seven years. His son, the sec-

ond Joseph Jefferson (1804-1842), was also a comedian, though of lesser ability than his father or his son. The third Joseph Jefferson, the son of the second Joseph and the producer of the present play, was born in Philadelphia, February 20, 1829, and was on the stage from early childhood. During his early years, his family moved from place to place, and in 1849 he came to New York, acting at Chanfrau's New National Theatre. After several ventures and a trip to Europe in 1856 he joined Laura Keene's Company in New York. Here he became famous for his performance of "Asa Trenchard" in *Our American Cousin*, in 1857, the play afterwards known as *Lord Dundreary*. In 1861 he sailed for Australia and spent four years there, going to London in 1865, and acting "Rip Van Winkle" as above described. He returned to America in 1866 and played the revised version of "Rip" at the Olympic Theatre on September 3d. Though he acted other parts, notably, "Caleb Plummer," "Bob Acres," "Asa Trenchard," and "Dr. Pangloss," he became so definitely associated with his most famous part, that to most theatre-goers he is thought of as the impersonator of Rip Van Winkle. In 1875 he made a second English tour. Mr. Jefferson was twice married, first in 1850 to Miss Margaret C. Lockyer, a member of the company at the National Theatre, New York, who died in 1861. In 1867 he married Miss Sarah Warren, who survives him. Mr. Jefferson continued acting until less than a year before his death, which occurred on April 23, 1905, at Palm Beach, Florida.

For biography of Mr. Jefferson, see *The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson*, New York, 1890; William Winter, *The Jeffersons*, Boston, 1881; M. J. Moses, *Famous Actor Families in America*, New York, 1906. For the development of the play, see H. S. Phelps, *Players of a Century*, Albany, 1880; C. Durang, *History of the Philadelphia Stage*, Second Series, Chap. 48.

NOTE TO THIRD EDITION.

For a detailed account of the development of *Rip van Winkle*, see the editor's *History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War*, New York, 1923, pp. 325-332.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

RIP VAN WINKLE

DERRICK VON BEEKMAN

NICHOLAS VEDDER

HENDRICK

COCKLES

SETH SLOUGH

JACOB STEIN

GRETCHEN

MEENIE

KITCHEN

DEMONS AND VILLAGERS

RIP VAN WINKLE

ACT I.

SCENE 1. *The village of Falling Waters, set amid familiar and unmistakable Hudson River scenery, with the shining river itself and the noble heights of the Kaatskills visible in the distance. In the foreground, to the left of the stage, is a country inn bearing the sign of George III. In the wall of the inn, a window closed by a solid wooden shutter. To the right of the stage, an old cottage with a door opening into the interior; before the cottage stands a bench holding a wash-tub, with a washboard, soap and clothes in the tub. In the centre of the stage, a table and chairs, and on the table a stone pitcher and two tin cups.*
As the curtain rises, GRETCHEN is discovered washing, and little MEENIE sitting near by on a low stool. The sound of a chorus and laughter comes from the inn.

GRETCHEN. Shouting and drinking day and night. *(Laughter is heard from the inn.)* Hark how they crow over their cups while their wives are working at home, and their children are starving.

(Enter DERRICK from the inn with a green bag, followed by NICK VEDDER. DERRICK places his green bag on the table.)

DERRICK. Not a day, not an hour. If the last two quarters' rent be not paid by this time tomorrow, out you go!

NICK. Oh, come, Derrick, you won't do it. Let us have a glass, and talk the matter over; good liquor opens the heart. Here, Hendrick! Hendrick!

(Enter HENDRICK.)

HENDRICK. Yes, father.

DERRICK. So that is your brat?

NICK. Yes, that is my boy.

DERRICK. Then the best I can wish him is that he won't take after his father, and become a vagabond and a penniless outcast.

NICK. Those are hard words to hear in the presence of my child.

HENDRICK. Then why don't you knock him down, father?

GRETCHEN. I'll tell you why—

DERRICK. Gretchen!

GRETCHEN. *(Wiping her arms and coming to front of tub.)* It is because your father is in that man's power. And what's the use of getting a man down, if you don't trample on him?

NICK. Oh, that is the way of the world.

GRETCHEN. *(To HENDRICK.)* Go in, boy.

I want to speak to your father, and my words may not be fit for you to hear. Yonder is my little girl; go and play with her.

(HENDRICK and MEENIE exeunt into the cottage.)

GRETCHEN. Now, Derrick, Vedder is right; you won't turn him out of his house yonder.

DERRICK. And why not? Don't he owe me a year's rent?

GRETCHEN. And what do you owe him? Shall I sum up your accounts for you? Ten years ago, this was a quiet village, and belonged mostly to my husband, Rip Van Winkle, a foolish, idle fellow. That house yonder has since been his ruin. Yes; bit by bit, he has parted with all he had, to fill the mouths of sots and boon companions, gathered around him in yonder house. And you, Derrick—you supplied him with the money to waste in riot and drink. Acre by acre, you've sucked in his land to swell your store. Yonder miserable cabin is the only shelter we have left; but that is mine. Had it been his, he would have sold it you, Derrick, long ago, and wasted its price in riot.

(VEDDER, who has been enjoying DERRICK'S discomfiture during this speech, is unable to control himself, and at the end of the speech, bursts into a loud laugh.)

GRETCHEN. Aye, and you too, Nick Vedder; you have ruined my husband between you.

NICK. Oh, come, Mrs. Van Winkle, you're too hard. I could n't refuse Rip's money in the way of business; I had my rent to pay.

GRETCHEN. And shall I tell you why you can't pay it? it is because you have

given Rip credit, and he has ended by drinking you out of house and home. Your window-shutter is not wide enough to hold the score against him; it is full of chalk. Deny it if you can.

NICK. I do deny it. There now!

GRETCHEN. Then why do you keep that shutter closed? I'll show you why. *(Goes to inn, opens shutter, holds it open, pointing at Rip's score.)* That's why, Nick Vedder, you're a good man in the main, if there is such a thing. *(DERRICK laughs.)* Aye, and I doubt it. *(Turning on him.)* But you are the pest of this village; and the hand of every woman in it ought to help pull down that drunkard's nest of yours, stone by stone.

NICK. Come, Dame Van Winkle, you're too hard entire; now a man must have his odd time, and he's none the worse for being a jolly dog.

GRETCHEN. No, none the worse. He sings a good song; he tells a good story—oh, he's a glorious fellow! Did you ever see the wife of a jolly dog? Well, she lives in a kennel. Did you ever see the children of a jolly dog? They are the street curs, and their home is the gutter.

(Goes up to the wash-tub, and takes revenge on the clothing she scrubs.)

NICK. *(Getting up and approaching GRETCHEN timidly.)* I tell you what it is, Dame Van Winkle, I don't know what your home may be, but judging from the rows I hear over there, and the damaged appearance of Rip's face after having escaped your clutches—*(GRETCHEN looks up angrily; NICK retreats a few paces hastily)*—I should say that a gutter was a luxurious abode compared with it, and a kennel a peaceful retreat.

(Exit hurriedly, laughing, to the inn.)

GRETCHEN looks up angrily, and throws the cloth she has been wringing after him, then resumes washing. DERRICK laughs at VEDDER's exit, walks up to GRETCHEN, and puts one foot on the bench.)

DERRICK. Is it true, Gretchen? Are you truly miserable with Rip?

GRETCHEN. Ain't you pleased to hear it? Come then and warm your heart at my sorrow. Ten years ago I might have had you, Derrick. But I despised you *for your miserly ways, and threw myself away on a vagabond.*

DERRICK. You and I shared him between us. I took his estate, and you took his person. Now, I've improved my half. What have you done with yours?

GRETCHEN. I can't say that I have prospered with it. I've tried every means to reclaim him, but he is as obstinate and perverse as a Dutch pig. But the worst in him—and what I can't stand—is his good-humour. It drives me frantic when, night after night, he comes home drunk and helplessly good-humoured! Oh, I can't stand that!

DERRICK. Where is he now?

GRETCHEN. We had a tiff yesterday, and he started. He has been out all night. Only wait until he comes back! The longer he stops out, the worse it will be for him.

DERRICK. Gretchen, you've made a great mistake, but there is time enough to repair it. You are comely still, thrifty, and that hard sort of grain that I most admire in woman. *(Looks cautiously around. Leans on tub.)* Why not start Rip for ever, and share my fortune?

GRETCHEN. Oh, no, Derrick; you've got my husband in your clutches, but you can't get them around me. If Rip would only mend his ways, he would see how much I love him; but no woman could love you, Derrick; for woman is not a domestic animal, glad to serve and fawn upon a man for the food and shelter she can get; and that is all she would ever get from you, Derrick.

(Piling the clothes on the washboard, and shouldering it.)

DERRICK. The time may come when you'll change your tune.

GRETCHEN. Not while Rip lives, bad as he is. *(Exit into cottage.)*

DERRICK. Then I'll wait until you've killed him. Her spirit is not broken yet. But patience, Derrick, patience; in another month I'll have my claws on all that remains of Rip's property—yonder cottage and grounds; then I'll try you again, my lady.

(Enter COCKLES, with papers in his hand, running towards the inn.)

DERRICK. How now, you imp? What brings you here so full of a hurry? Some mischief's in your head, or your heels would not be so busy.

COCKLES. I've brought a letter for you from my employer. There it is.

DERRICK. (*Examining letter.*) Why, the seal is broken!

COCKLES. Yes, I read it as I came along.

DERRICK. Now I apprenticed this vagabond to my lawyer, and this is his gratitude.

COCKLES. Don't waste your breath, Nunky, for you'll want it; for when you read that, if it don't take you short in the wind, I'll admire you.

DERRICK. (*Reads.*) "You must obtain from Rip Van Winkle a proper conveyance of the lands he has sold to you. The papers he has signed are in fact nothing but mortgages on his estate. If you foreclose, you must sell the property, which has lately much advanced in value; and it would sell for enough to pay off your loan, and all your improvements would enure to the benefit of Rip Van Winkle."

COCKLES. There, now, see what you've been doing of!—wasting your money and my expectations on another chap's property. Do you want to leave me a beggar?

DERRICK. (*Reads.*) "I enclose a deed for him to sign that will make him safe."

COCKLES. Of course he'll sign it; he won't wait to be asked—he'll be in such a hurry.

DERRICK. All my savings—all my money—sunk in improving this village!

COCKLES. Yes, instead of physicking Rip, as you thought, you've been coddling him all the while.

DERRICK. All these houses I've built are on another man's land. What shall I do?

COCKLES. Pull them down again; pull them down.

DERRICK. Ass!—dolt that I have been!

COCKLES. Calling yourself names won't mend it, Nunky.

DERRICK. The imp is right. Rip must be made to sign this paper. But how—how?

COCKLES. How? How? How's a big word sometimes, ain't it, Nunky?

DERRICK. Rip would not do it if he knew what he was about. But he can't read—nor write, for the matter of that. But he can make his cross, and I can cajole him.

COCKLES. Look sharp, Nunky. The man that's looking round for a fool and picks up Rip Van Winkle, will let him drop again very quick.

DERRICK. He is poor; I'll show him a

handful of money. He's a drunkard; I'll give him a stomachful of liquor. Go in, boy, and leave me to work this; and let this be a lesson to you hereafter; beware of the fatal effects of poverty and drink.

COCKLES. Yes,—and parting with my money on bad security.

(*Exit. Laughter outside.*)

DERRICK. Here he comes now, surrounded by all the dogs and children in the district. They cling around him like flies around a lump of sugar.

RIP *enters, running and skipping, carrying one small child pickaback, and surrounded by a swarm of others hanging on the skirts of his coat. He is laughing like a child himself, and his merry blue eyes twinkle with delight. He is dressed in an old deerskin coat, a pair of breeches which had once been red, now tattered, patched, and frayed, leather gaiters and shoes equally dilapidated, a shapeless felt hat with a bit of the brim hanging loose—the whole stained and weather-worn to an almost uniform clay-colour, except for the bright blue of his jean shirt and the scarlet of his long wisp of a necktie. One of the boys carries his gun.*

RIP. (*Taking his gun from the boy.*) There, run along mit you; run along.

DERRICK. (*The children scamper off.*) The vagabond looks like the father of the village.

RIP. (*Who has stood laughing and watching the children, suddenly calls after them.*) Hey! You let my dog Schneider alone there; you hear that, Sock der Jacob der bist eine for donner spits poo—yah—

DERRICK. Why, what's the matter, Rip?

RIP. (*Coming down and shaking hands with DERRICK.*) Oh, how you was, Derrick? how you was?

DERRICK. You seem in trouble.

RIP. Oh, yah; you know them fellers.

Vell, I tole you such a funny thing. (*Laughing.*) Just now, as me and Schneider was comin' along through the willage—Schneider's my dawg; I don't know whether you know him? (*RIP always speaks of Schneider as if he were a person, and one in whom his hearer took as profound an interest as he does himself.*) Well, them fellers went and tied a tin kettle mit Schneider's tail, and how he did run then, mit the kettle ban-

ing about. Well, I didn't hi him comin'. He run betwixt me and my legs, an' spilt me an' all them children in the mud;—yah, that's a fact.

(RIP leans his gun against the cot-tage.)

DERRICK. (*Aside.*) Now's my time. (*Aloud.*) Vedder! Vedder! (VEDDER appears at the door of the inn.) Bring us a bottle of liquor. Bring us your best, and be quick.

NICK. What's in the wind now? The devil's to pay when Derrick stands treat!

(*Exit. Re-enters, with bottle and cups in left hand. Hands bottle to DERRICK. RIP lounges forward, and perches on the corner of the table.*)

DERRICK. (*Rising and approaching RIP.*) Come, Rip, what do you say to a glass?

RIP. (*Takes a cup and holds it to be filled.*) Oh, yah; now what do I generally say to a glass? I say it's a fine thing—when there's plenty in it. (*Ve gates! Ve gates!*) (*Shakes hands with NICK.*) And then I says more to what's in it than I do to the glass. Now you would n't believe it—that's the first one I've had today.

DERRICK. How so?

RIP. (*Dryly.*) Because I could n't get it before, I suppose.

DERRICK. Then let me fill him up for you.

RIP. No, that is enough for the first one.

NICK. Come, Rip, a bumper for the first one.

RIP. That is enough for the first one.

DERRICK. Come, Rip, let me fill him up for you.

RIP. (*With ludicrous decision and dignity.*) I believe I know how much to drink. When I says a thing, I mean it.

DERRICK. Oh, well—

(*Turns aside, and starts to fill his own cup.*)

RIP. All right; come along. (*Holding out his glass, and laughing at his own inconsistency.*) Here's your good health and your families', and may they live long and prosper!

(*They all drink. At the end, NICK smacks his lips and exclaims "Ah!" DERRICK repeats the same and RIP repeats after DERRICK.*)

RIP. (*To NICK, sadly.*) Ah, you may well go "Ah!" and smack your chops over that. You don't give me such

schnapps¹ when I come. Derrick, my score is too big now. (*Jerking his head towards the shutter, he notices for the first time that it is open.*) What you go and open that window for?—That's fine schnapps, Nick. Where you got that?

NICK. That's high Dutch, Rip—high Dutch, and ten years in bottle. Why, I had that in the very day of your wedding. We broached the keg under yonder shed. Don't you recollect?

RIP. Is that the same?

NICK. Yes.

RIP. I thought I knowed that licker. You had it ten years ago? (*Laughing suddenly.*) I would not have kept it so long. But stop, mein freund; that's more than ten years ago.

NICK. No, it ain't.

RIP. It's the same day I got married!

NICK. Yes.

RIP. Well, I know by that. You think I forgot the day I got married? Oh, no, my friend; I remember that day long as I live.

(*Serious for a moment. Takes off his hat, and puts it on the table.*)

DERRICK. Ah! Rip, I remember Gretchen then, ten years ago.—Zounds, how I envied you!

RIP. (*Looking up, surprised.*) Did you? (*Winks at NICK. Then, suddenly remembering.*) So did I. You didn't know what was comin', Derrick.

DERRICK. She was a beauty.

RIP. What, Gretchen?—Yes, she was. She was a pretty girl. My! My! Yah, we was a fine couple altogether. Well, come along.

(*Holding out his cup to DERRICK, who fills it from the bottle.*)

NICK. Yes, come along.

(*Takes water pitcher from the table, and starts to fill up RIP's cup. RIP stops him.*)

RIP. (*Who has been lounging against the table, sits on it, and puts his feet on the chair.*) Stop! I come along mitout that, Nick Vedder. (*Sententiously.*) Good licker and water is like man and wife.

DERRICK and NICK. How's that, Rip?

RIP. (*Laughing.*) They don't agree together. I always like my licker single. Well, here's your good health, and your families', and may they live long and prosper!

(*They all drink.*)

¹ Whiskey.

NICK. That's right, Rip; drink away, and drown your sorrow.

RIP. (*Drolly.*) Yes; but she won't drown. My wife is my sorrow, and you cannick drown her. She tried it once, but could n't do it.

DERRICK and NICK. Why, how so?

RIP. (*Puts down his cup and clasps his knee, still perched on the corner of the table.*) Did n't you know that Gretchen like to got drown?

DERRICK and NICK. No.

RIP. (*Puts hat on.*) That's the funniest thing of the whole of it. It's the same day I got married; she was comin' across the river there in the ferry-boat to get married mit me—

DERRICK and NICK. Yes.

RIP. Well, the boat she was comin' in got upsetted.

DERRICK and NICK. Ah!

RIP. Well, but she was n't in it.

DERRICK and NICK. Oh!

RIP. (*Explaining quite seriously.*) No, that's what I say; if she had been in the boat what got upsetted, maybe she might have got drowned. (*More and more reflective.*) I don't know how it was she got left somehow or other. Women is always behind that way—always.

DERRICK. But surely, Rip, you would have risked your life to save such a glorious creature as she was.

RIP. (*Incredulously.*) You mean I would yump in and pull Gretchen out?

DERRICK. Yes.

RIP. Oh, would I? (*Suddenly remembering.*) Oh, you mean then—yes, I believe I would then. (*With simple conviction.*) But it would be more my duty now than it was then.

DERRICK. How so?

RIP. (*Quite seriously.*) Why, you see when a feller gets married a good many years mit his wife, he gets very much attached to her.

NICK. (*Pompously.*) Ah, he does indeed.

RIP. (*Winks at DERRICK, and points at NICK with his thumb.*) But if Mrs. Van Winkle was a-drowning in the water now, an' she says to me, "Rip, come an' save your wife!" I would say, "Mrs. Van Winkle, I will yust go home and think about it." Oh, no, Derrick, if ever Gretchen tumbles in the water, she's got to swim now, you mind that.

DERRICK. She was here just now, anxiously expecting you home.

RIP. I know she's keeping it hot for me.

NICK. What, your dinner, Rip?

RIP. No, the broomstick.

(*Exit NICK into house, laughing.*)

RIP. (*Confidentially.*) Derrick, whenever I come back from the mountains, I always stick the game-bag in the window and creep in behind.

DERRICK. (*Seating himself on the table by the side of RIP.*) Have you anything now?

RIP. (*Dropping into the chair DERRICK has just left. Leaning back, and putting hands behind his head.*) What for game? No, not a tail, I believe, not a feather.

(*With humorous indifference.*)

DERRICK. (*Touching RIP on the shoulder and shaking a bag of money.*) Rip, suppose you were to hang this bagful of money inside, don't you think it would soothe her down, eh?

RIP. (*Sitting up.*) For me, is that?

DERRICK. Yes.

RIP. (*With a shrewd glance.*) Ain't you yokin' mit me?

DERRICK. No, Rip, I've prospered with the lands you've sold me, and I'll let you have a loan on easy terms. I'll take no interest.

RIP. (*Getting up and walking forward, with decision.*) No, I'm afraid I might pay you again some day, Derrick.

DERRICK. And so you shall, Rip, pay me when you please. (*Puts the bag in RIP's hands, and forces his fingers over it, turns, and goes to the table, speaking as he goes.*) Say in twenty years—twenty years from this day. Ah, where shall we be then?

RIP. (*Quizzically, and half to himself.*) I don't know about myself; but I think I can guess where you'll be about that time.

(*Takes chair and sits down.*)

DERRICK. Well, Rip, I'll just step into the inn and draw out a little acknowledgment.

RIP. (*Who has been sitting, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, softly chinking the bag of money in his hand, looks up suddenly.*) 'Knowledgment—for what is that?

DERRICK. Yes, for you to put your cross to.

he had just finished reading.) There, now are you satisfied?

RIP. (*Takes the document. In childlike surprise.*) Well, well, and does it take all that pen and ink to say such a little thing like that?

DERRICK. Why, of course it does.

COCKLES. (*Aside to DERRICK.*) Oh, the fool! he swallows it whole, hook and all.

RIP. (*Spreading the paper on the table.*) Where goes my cross, Derrick?

DERRICK. (*Pointing.*) There, you see I've left a nice little white corner for you.

RIP. (*Folds up paper in a leisurely manner and puts it in game-bag.*) W-e-l-l, I'll just think about it.

(*Looks up at DERRICK innocently.*)

DERRICK. Think about it? Why, what's the matter, Rip, isn't the money correct?

RIP. Oh, yes, I got the money all right. (*Chuckling.*) Oh! you mean about signing it. (*Rising. At a loss for a moment.*) Stop, yesterday was Friday, was n't it?

DERRICK. So it was.

RIP. (*With an air of conviction.*) Well, I never do nothing like that the day after Friday, Derrick.

(*RIP walks away towards his cottage.*)

DERRICK. (*Aside.*) The idiot! what can that signify? But I must not arouse his suspicions by pressing him. (*Aloud.*) You are right, Rip; sign it when you please; but I say, Rip, now that you're in funds, won't you help your old friend Nick Vedder, who owes me a year's rent?

RIP. (*Coming back to the table.*) Oh, yah, I will wipe off my schore, and stand treat to the whole willage.

DERRICK. Run, boy, and tell all the neighbours that Rip stands treat.

RIP. (*Leans on back of chair.*) An', Cockles, tell them we'll have a dance.

COCKLES. A dance! (*Runs off.*)

DERRICK. And I'll order the good cheer for you. (*Exit.*)

RIP. So do! so do! (*Cogitating dubiously.*) I don't understand it.

(*Re-enter HENDRICK with the basket over his head, followed by MEENIE.*)

Oh, you've come back?

HENDRICK. Yes, we've left the clothes.

RIP. Meenie, you take in the basket.

(*Exit MEENIE with the basket into the cottage. HENDRICK is following.*) Hendrick, come here. (*HENDRICK kneels be-*

tween RIP's knees.) So you are going to marry my daughter? (*HENDRICK nods.*) So, so. That's very kind of yer. (*Abruptly.*) Why you don't been to school today, you go to school some times, don't you?

HENDRICK. Yes, when father can spare me.

RIP. What do you learn mit that school—pretty much something? (*Laughing at his mistake.*) I mean, everything?

HENDRICK. Yes; reading, writing and arithmetic.

RIP. Reading, and what?

HENDRICK. And writing, and arithmetic.

RIP. (*Puzzled.*) Writing and what?

HENDRICK. Arithmetic.

RIP. (*More puzzled.*) What meticks is that?

HENDRICK. Arithmetic.

RIP. (*With profound astonishment and patting HENDRICK's head.*) I don't see how the little mind can stand it all. Can you read?

HENDRICK. Oh, yes!

RIP. (*With a serious affectation of incredulity.*) I don't believe it; now, I'm just goin' to see if you can read. If you can't read, I won't let you marry my daughter. No, sir. (*Very drolly.*) I won't have nobody in my family what can't read. (*Taking out the paper that DERRICK has given him.*) Can you read ritmatics like that?

HENDRICK. Yes, that's writing.

RIP. (*Nonplussed.*) Oh! I thought it was reading.

HENDRICK. It's reading and writing, too.

RIP. What, both together. (*Suspiciously looking at the paper.*) Oh, yes; I did n't see that before; go long with it.

HENDRICK. (*Reads.*) "Know all men by these presents"—

RIP. (*Pleased, leaning back in his chair.*) Yah! that's right, what a wonderful thing der readin' is; why you can read it pretty nigh as good as Derrick, yes you do; go long.

HENDRICK. "That I, Rip Van Winkle"—

RIP. (*Taking off his hat, and holding it with his hands behind his head.*) Yah, that's right; you read it just as well as Derrick; go long.

HENDRICK. "In consideration of the sum of sixteen pounds received do hereby sell and convey to Derrick Von Beekman all my estate, houses, lands whatsoever"—

(*Hat drops.*)

RIP. (*Almost fiercely.*) What are you

readin', some ritmatics what ain't down there: where you got that?

(*Looking sharply at HENDRICK.*)

HENDRICK. (*Pointing.*) There. Houses! Lands, whatsoever.

RIP. (*Looking not at the paper but at HENDRICK very earnestly, as if turning over in his mind whether the boy has read it correctly. Then satisfied of the deception DERRICK has practiced upon him and struck by the humour of the way in which he has discovered it, he laughs exultantly and looks towards the inn-door through which DERRICK disappeared a short time before.*) Yes, so it is. Go long mit the rest.

(*He leans forward, and puts his ear close to HENDRICK, so as not to miss a word.*)

HENDRICK. "Whereof he now holds possession by mortgaged deeds, from time to time executed by me."

RIP. (*Takes paper, and looks towards the inn fiercely exultant.*) You read it better than Derrick, my boy, much better. (*After a moment's pause, recollects himself. Kindly to HENDRICK.*) That will do, run along mit you.

(*Exit HENDRICK.*)

RIP. Aha, my friend, Derrick! I guess you got some snakes in the grass. Now keep sober, Rip; I don't touch another drop so long what I live; I swore off now, that's a fixed fact.

(*Enter DERRICK, VEDDER, STEIN, and villagers.*)

DERRICK. Come, Rip, we'll have a rouse.

RIP. (*Seriously; half fiercely still.*) Here, Nick Vedder, here is the gelt; wipe off my score, and drink away. I don't join you; I swore off.

NICK. Why, Rip, you're king of the feast.

RIP. (*Absently, still intent on DERRICK.*) Am I dat?

OMNES. Swore off? What for?

RIP. I don't touch another drop.

JACOB STEIN. (*Coming down towards RIP with cup.*) Come, Rip, take a glass.

RIP. (*Turning on him, almost angry.*) Jacob Stein, you hear what I said?

STEIN. Yes.

RIP. (*Firmly.*) Well, when I said a thing, I mean it.

(*Leans back in his chair with his hands behind his head.*)

STEIN. Oh, very well.

(*Turns away; NICK comes down and*

holds cup under RIP's nose. RIP looks to see if they are watching him. He can resist no longer, and takes the cup.)

RIP. (*Laughing.*) Well, I won't count this one. Here's your good health and your families', may they all live long and prosper.

DERRICK. Here come the fiddlers and the girls.

(*Enter girls.*)

(*RIP walks over and closes the shutter which has held his score, then returns and seats himself on a low stool, and keeps time to the music as the villagers dance. Finally, the rhythm fires his blood. He jumps to his feet, snatches one of the girls away from her partner, and whirls into the dance. After a round or two, he lets go of her, and pirouettes two or three times by himself. Once more he catches her in his arms, and is in the act of embracing her, when he perceives GRETCHEN over her shoulder. He drops the girl, who falls on her knees at GRETCHEN's feet. There is a general laugh at his discomfiture, in which he joins half-heartedly. As the curtain descends, RIP is seen pointing at the girl as if seeking, like a modern Adam, to put the blame on her.*)

ACT SECOND.

SCENE 1. *The dimly lighted kitchen of RIP's cottage. The door and window are at the back. It is night, and through the window a furious storm can be seen raging, with thunder, lightning, and rain. A fire smoulders on the hearth, to the right, and a candle gutters on the table in the centre; a couple of chairs, a low stool, and a little cupboard, meagrely provided with cups and plates, complete the furniture of the room. Between the door and the window a clothes-horse, with a few garments hanging on it, forms a screen. To the left is a small door leading to the other rooms of the cottage.*

(*As the curtain rises, MEENIE is seen sitting by the window, and GRETCHEN*

ters, takes off cloak, and throws a broomstick on the table.)

GRETCHEN. Meenie! Has your father come yet?

MEENIE. No, mother.

GRETCHEN. So much the better for him. Never let him show his face in these doors again—never!

MEENIE. Oh, mother, don't be so hard on him.

GRETCHEN. I'm not hard; how dare you say so. (MEENIE approaches her.) There, child, that father of yours is enough to spoil the temper of an angel. I went down to the marsh to drive up the bull. I don't know what Rip has been doing to the beast; he was howling and tearing about. I barely escaped with my life. (A crash outside.) What noise is that?

MEENIE. That's only Schneider, father's dog.

GRETCHEN. (Picking up broomstick.) Then I'll Schneider him. I won't have him here. (Exit through the door leading to the rest of the cottage.) Out, you idle, vagabond cur; out, I say!

MEENIE. (Following her to the door, and crying.) Oh, don't, don't hurt the poor thing!

(Re-enter GRETCHEN.)

GRETCHEN. He jumped out of the window before I could catch him. He's just like his master. Now, what are you crying for?

MEENIE. Because my poor father is out in all this rain. (A peal of thunder is heard.) Hark, how it thunders!

GRETCHEN. Serve him right—do him good. Is the supper ready?

MEENIE. Yes, mother; it is there by the fireside. (Pointing to the soup-bowl by the fire.) Shall I lay the table?

GRETCHEN. Yes. (Again it thunders.) It's a dreadful night; I wonder where Rip is?

MEENIE. (Bringing the cups and platters from the sideboard, together with a loaf of bread.) Shall I lay the table for two, mother, or for three?

GRETCHEN. For two, girl; he gets no supper here tonight. (Another peal of thunder.) Mercy, how the storm rages! the fool, to stop out in such a down-pour. I hope he's found shelter. I must look out the old suit I washed and mended for him last week, and put them

by the fire to air. The idiot, to stop out in such a down-pour! I'll have him sick on my hands next; that's all I want to complete my misery. (She fetches clothes from the horse and hangs them on the back of the chair in front of the fire.) He knows what I am suffering now, and that's what keeps him out. (Lightning.) Mercy, what a flash that was! The wretch will be starved with the cold! Meenie!

MEENIE. Yes, mother.

GRETCHEN. You may lay the table for three. (There is a knock at the outer door.) There he is now!

(Enter HENDRICK, who shakes rain from his hat.)

Where's Rip? Is he not at your father's?

HENDRICK. No; I thought he was here.

GRETCHEN. He's gone back to the mountain. He's done it on purpose to spite me.

HENDRICK. (Going to the fire.) Shall I run after him, and bring him home? I know the road. We've often climbed it together.

GRETCHEN. No; I drove Rip from his house, and it's for me to bring him back again.

MEENIE. (Still arranging the supper table.) But, mother—(She pauses, with embarrassment.) If he hears your voice behind him, he will only run away the faster.

GRETCHEN. Well, I can't help it; I can't rest under cover, while he is out in the storm. I shall feel better when I'm outside sharing the storm with him. Sit down, and take your suppers. I'll take my cloak along with me.

(Exit. MEENIE has seated herself by the window. HENDRICK carries stool to the centre of the stage, in front of the table.)

HENDRICK. Meenie! Meenie!

MEENIE. Eh?

(HENDRICK beckons to her. She runs to him. He stops her suddenly, then puts the stool down with great deliberation, and sits on it, while MEENIE kneels beside him.)

HENDRICK. (In a very solemn tone.) I hope your father ain't gone to the mountains tonight, Meenie?

MEENIE. (In distress.) Oh, dear! he will die of the cold there.

HENDRICK. (Suddenly.) Sh! (MEENIE

starts.) It ain't for that. (*Mysteriously.*) I've just heard old Clausen, over at father's, saying, that on this very night, every twenty years, the ghosts—

MEENIE. (*Catching his wrist.*) The what?

HENDRICK. (*In an awed tone.*) The ghosts of Hendrick Hudson, and his pirate crew, visit the Kaatskills above here.

(*The two children look around, frightened.*)

MEENIE. Oh, dear! did he say so?

HENDRICK. Sh! (*Again they look around, frightened.*) Yes; and the spirits have been seen there smoking, drinking, and playing at tenpins.

MEENIE. Oh, how dreadful!

HENDRICK. Sh! (*He goes cautiously to the chimney, and looks up, while MEENIE looks under the table; then he returns to the stool, speaking as he comes.*) Yes; and every time that Hendrick Hudson lights his pipe there's a flash of lightning. (*Lightning and MEENIE gives a gasp of fear.*) And when he rolls the balls along, there is a peal of thunder. (*Loud rumbles of thunder. MEENIE screams and throws herself into HENDRICK'S arms.*) Don't be frightened, Meenie; I'm here.

(*In a frightened tone, but with a manly effort to be courageous.*)

(*Re-enter GRETCHEN with her cloak.*)

GRETCHEN. Here, stop that! (*The children separate quickly. HENDRICK looks up at the ceiling and whistles, with an attempt at unconsciousness, and MEENIE assumes an innocent and unconcerned expression.*) Now, don't you be filling that child's head with nonsense, but remain quietly here until I return. Hush, what noise is that? There is someone outside the window.

(*She steps behind the clothes-horse.*)

RIP appears at the window, which he opens, and leans against the frame.)

RIP. Meenie!

MEENIE and HENDRICK. (*Trying to make him perceive GRETCHEN, by a gesture in her direction.*) Sh!

(*RIP turns, and looks around outside to see what they mean, then, discovering nothing, drops his hat in at the window, and calls again, cautiously.*)

RIP. Meenie!

MEENIE and HENDRICK. (*With the same warning gesture.*) Sh!

(*GRETCHEN shakes her fist at the children, who assume an air of innocence.*)

RIP. What's the matter? Meenie, has the wild-cat come home? (*RIP reaches in after his hat. GRETCHEN catches him by his hair, and holds his head down.*)

Och, my darlin', don't do that, eh!

HENDRICK and MEENIE. (*Who run towards GRETCHEN.*) Don't, mother! don't, mother! don't!

RIP. (*Imitating their tone.*) Don't, mother, don't! Don't you hear the children? Let go my head, won't you?

(*Getting angry.*)

GRETCHEN. No; not a hair.

RIP. (*Bantering.*) Hold on to it then, what do I care?

HENDRICK and MEENIE. (*Catching GRETCHEN'S dress.*) Don't, mother! Don't, mother! Don't!

(*GRETCHEN lets go of RIP, and turns upon them. They escape, and disappear through the door to the left.*)

RIP. (*Getting in through the window, and coming forward, apparently drunk, but jolly; and his resentment for the treatment he has just received is half humorous.*) For what you do dat, hey? You must want a bald-headed husband, I reckon!

(*GRETCHEN picks up chair, and bangs it down; RIP imitates her with the stool. She sits down angrily, and slaps the table. RIP throws down his felt hat with a great show of violence, and it makes no noise, then seats himself on the stool.*)

GRETCHEN. Now, then!

RIP. Now, den; I don't like if den, neider. (*When RIP is drunk, his dialect grows more pronounced.*)

GRETCHEN. Who did you call a wildcat?

RIP. (*With a sudden little tipsy laugh, and confused.*) A wildcat—dat's when I come in at the window?

GRETCHEN. Yes; that's when you came in the window.

RIP. (*Rising, and with a tone of finality.*)

Yes; that's the time I said it.

GRETCHEN. Yes; and that's the time I heard it.

RIP. (*With drunken assurance.*) That's all right; I was afraid you wouldn't hear it.

GRETCHEN. Now who did you mean that wildcat?

RIP. (*Confused.*) Who did I mean?

Now, let me see.

GRETCHEN. Yes; who did you mean?

RIP. How do I know who-oo I mean?

(*With a sudden inspiration.*) Maybe it's the dog Schneider, I call that.

GRETCHEN. (*Incredulously.*) The dog Schneider; that's not likely.

RIP. (*Argumentatively.*) Of course it is likely; he's my dog. I'll call him a wildcat much as I please.

(*Conclusively. He sits down in the chair on which his clothes are warming, in front of the fire.*)

GRETCHEN. And then, there's your disgraceful conduct this morning. What have you got to say to that?

RIP. How do I know what I got to say to that, when I don't know what I do-a, do-a?

(*Hiccoughs.*)

GRETCHEN. Don't know what you do-a-oo!

Hugging and kissing the girls before my face; you thought I would n't see you.

RIP. (*Boldly.*) I knowed you would—I knowed you would; because, because—

(*Losing the thread of his discourse.*)

Oh-h, don' you bodder me.

(*He turns and leans his head against the back of the chair.*)

GRETCHEN. You knew I was there?

RIP. (*Laughing.*) I thought I saw you.

GRETCHEN. I saw you myself, dancing with the girl.

RIP. You saw the girl dancin' mit me.

(*GRETCHEN remembers RIP's clothes, and goes over to see if he is wet, and pushes him towards the center of the stage. RIP mistakes her intention.*)

You want to pull some more hair out of my head?

GRETCHEN. Why, the monster! He is n't wet a bit! He's as dry as if he'd been aired!

RIP. Of course I'm dry. (*Laughing.*)

I'm always dry—always dry.

GRETCHEN. (*Examines game-bag, and pulls out a flask, which she holds under RIP's nose.*) Why, what's here? Why, it's a bottle—a bottle!

RIP. (*Leaning against the table.*) Yes; it's a bottle. (*Laughs.*) You think I don't know a bottle when I see it?

GRETCHEN. That's pretty game for your game-bag, ain't it?

RIP. (*Assuming an innocent air.*) Somebody must have put it there.

GRETCHEN. (*Putting the flask in her pocket.*) Then, you don't get it again.

RIP. (*With a show of anger.*) Now

mind if I don't get it again—well—all there is about it—(*Breaking down.*) I don't want it. I have had enough.

(*With a droll air of conviction.*)

GRETCHEN. I'm glad you know when you've had enough.

RIP. (*Still leaning against the table.*)

That's the way mit me. I'm glad I

know when I got enough—(*Laughs.*)

An' I'm glad when I've got enough, too. Give me the bottle; I want to put it in the game-bag.

GRETCHEN. For what?

RIP. (*Louning off the table, and coming forward and leaning his arms on*

GRETCHEN's shoulders.) So that I can't

drink it. Here's the whole business—

(*He slides his hand down to GRET-*

CHEN's pocket and tries to find the

bottle while he talks to her.) Here's

the whole business about it. What is

the use of anybody—well—wash the use

of anybody, anyhow—well—oh—(*Miss-*

ing the pocket.) What you talkin' 'bout

(*Suddenly his hand slips in her pocket,*

and he begins to pull the bottle out, with

great satisfaction.) Now, now I can tell

you all 'bout it.

GRETCHEN. (*Discovering his tactics, and pushing him away.*) Pshaw!

RIP. If you don't give me the bottle, I just break up everything in the house.

GRETCHEN. If you dare!

RIP. If I dare! Haven't I done it two or three times before? I just throw everything right out of the window.

(*RIP throws the plates and cups on the floor and overturns a chair, and seats himself on the table. GRET-*

CHEN picks them up again.)

GRETCHEN. Don't Rip; don't do that!

Now stop, Rip, stop! (*GRETCHEN bangs*

down a chair by the table and seats her-

self.) Now, then, perhaps you will be

kind enough to tell where you've been

for the last two days. Where have you

been? Do you hear?

RIP. Where I've been? Well, it's not my bottle, anyhow. I borrowed that bottle from another feller. You want to know where I been?

GRETCHEN. Yes; and I will know.

RIP. (*Good-humouredly.*) Let's see.

Last night I stopped out all night.

GRETCHEN. But why?

RIP. Why? You mean the reason of it?

GRETCHEN. Yes, the reason.

RIP. (*Inconsequently.*) The reason is why? Don't bother me.

GRETCHEN. (*Emphasizing each word with a bang on the table.*) Why—did—you—stop—out—all—night?

RIP. (*Imitating her tone.*) Because—I—want—to—get—up—early—in—the—morning. (*Hiccough.*) Come don't get so mad mit a feller. Why, I've been fillin' my game-bag mit game.

(*RIP gets down off the table, and GRETCHEN comes towards him and feels his game-bag.*)

GRETCHEN. Your game-bag is full of game, is n't it?

RIP. (*Taking her hand and holding it away from her pocket.*) That? Why, that would n't hold it. (*Finding his way into GRETCHEN'S pocket.*) Now I can tell you all about it. You know last night I stopped out all night—

GRETCHEN. Yes; and let me catch you again. (*He is pulling the bottle out, when GRETCHEN catches him, and slaps his hand.*) You paltry thief!

RIP. Oh, you ain't got no confidence in me. Now what do you think was the first thing I saw in the morning?

(*Dragging a chair to the front of the stage.*)

GRETCHEN. I don't know. What?

RIP. (*Seating himself.*) A rabbit.

GRETCHEN. (*Pleased.*) I like a rabbit. I like it in a stew.

RIP. (*Looking at her, amused.*) I guess you like everything in a stew—everything what's a rabbit I mean. Well, there was a rabbit a-feedin' mit the grass,—you know they always come out early in der mornin' and feed mit the grass?

GRETCHEN. Never mind the grass. Go on.

RIP. Don't get so patient; you wait till you get the rabbit. (*Humorously.*) Well, I crawl up—

GRETCHEN. Yes, yes!

RIP. (*Becoming interested in his own powers of invention.*) An' his little tail was a-stickin' up so—

(*With a gesture of his forefinger.*)

GRETCHEN. (*Impatiently.*) Never mind his tail. Go on.

RIP. (*Remonstrating at her interruption.*) The more fatter the rabbit, the more whiter is his tail—

GRETCHEN. Well, well, go on.

RIP. (*Taking aim.*) Well, I haul up—

GRETCHEN. Yes, yes!

RIP. And his ears was a-stickin' up so—

(*Making the two ears with his two forefingers.*)

GRETCHEN. Never mind his ears. Go on. RIP. I pull the trigger.

GRETCHEN. (*Eagerly.*) Bang went the gun, and—

RIP. (*Seriously.*) And the rabbit run away.

GRETCHEN. (*Angrily.*) And so you shot nothing?

RIP. How will I shot him when he run away? (*He laughs at her disappointment.*) There, don't get so mad mit a feller. Now I'm going to tell you what I did shot; that's what I did n't shot. You know that old forty-acre field of ours?

GRETCHEN. (*Scornfully.*) Ours! Ours, did you say?

RIP. (*Shamefacedly.*) You know the one I mean well enough. It used to be ours.

GRETCHEN. (*Regretfully.*) Yes; it used, indeed!

RIP. It ain't ours now, is it?

GRETCHEN. (*Sighing.*) No, indeed, it is not.

RIP. No? Den I won't bodder about it. Better let somebody bodder about that field what belongs to it. Well, in that field there's a pond; and what do you think I see in that pond?

GRETCHEN. I don't know. Ducks?

RIP. Ducks! More an' a thousand.

GRETCHEN. (*Walking to where broomstick is.*) More than a thousand ducks?

RIP. I haul up again—

GRETCHEN. (*Picking up broomstick.*) Yes, and so will I. And if you miss fire this time—

(*She holds it threateningly over RIP'S shoulder.*)

RIP. (*Looking at it askance out of the corner of his eye, then putting up his hand and pushing it aside.*) You will scare the ducks mit that. Well, I take better aim this time as I did before. I pull the trigger, and—bang!

GRETCHEN. How many down?

RIP. (*Indifferently.*) One.

GRETCHEN. (*Indignantly.*) What! only one duck out of a thousand?

RIP. Who said one duck?

GRETCHEN. You did!

RIP. (*Getting up and leaning on the back of the chair.*) I did n't say anything of the kind.

GRETCHEN. You said "one."

RIP. Ah! One. But I shot more as a duck.

latter his long gray beard streams down till it almost touches the ground. He carries a keg on his shoulder. He advances slowly towards RIP, and, by his gesture, begs RIP to set the keg down for him. RIP does so, and the dwarf seats himself upon it.)

RIP. *(With good-humoured sarcasm.)* Sit down, and make yourself comfortable. *(A long pause and silence.)* What? What's the matter? Ain't ye goin' to speak to a feller? I don't want to speak to you, then. Who you think you was, that I want to speak to you, any more than you want to speak to me; you hear what I say? *(RIP pokes the dwarf in the ribs, who turns, and looks up. RIP retreats hastily.)* Donner an' Blitzen! What for a man is das? I have been walking over these mountains ever since I was a boy, an' I never saw a queer looking codger like that before. He must be an old sea-snake, I reckon.

(The dwarf approaches RIP, and motions RIP to help him up the mountain with the keg.)

RIP. Well, why don't you say so, den? You mean you would like me to help you up with that keg? *(The dwarf nods in the affirmative.)* Well, sir, I don't do it. *(The dwarf holds up his hands in supplication.)* No, there's no good you speakin' like that. I never seed you before, did I? *(The dwarf shakes his head, RIP, with great decision, walking away, and leaning against a tree.)* I don't want to see you again, needer. What have you got in that keg, schnapps? *(The dwarf nods.)* I don't believe you. *(The dwarf nods more affirmatively.)* Is it good schnapps? *(The dwarf again insists.)* Well, I'll help you. Go 'long; pick up my gun, there, and I follow you mit that keg on my shoulder. I'll follow you, old broadchops.

(As RIP shoulders the keg, a furious blast whirls up the valley, and seems to carry him and his demon companion before it. The rain that follows blots out the landscape. For a few moments, all is darkness. Gradually, the topmost peak of the Kaatskill Mountains becomes visible, far above the storm. Stretching below, the country lies spread out like a map. A feeble and watery moonlight shows us a weird group,

gathered upon the peak,—Hendrick Hudson, and his ghostly crew. In the foreground, one of them poises a ball, about to bowl it, while the others lean forward in attitudes of watchful expectancy. Silently he pitches it; and, after a momentary pause, a long and rumbling peal of thunder reverberates among the valleys below. At this moment, the demon, carrying RIP's gun, appears over the crest of the peak in the background, and RIP toils after with the keg on his shoulder. Arrived at the summit, he drops the keg on his knee, and gasps for breath.)

RIP. *(Glancing out over the landscape.)*

I say, old gentleman, I never was so high up in the mountains before. Look down into the valley there; it seems more as a mile. I— *(Turning to speak to his companion, and perceiving another of the crew.)* You're another feller! *(The second demon nods assent.)* You're that other chap's brother? *(The demon again assents. RIP carries the keg a little further, and comes face to face with a third.)* You're another brother? *(The third demon nods assent. RIP takes another step, and perceives HENDRICK HUDSON in the centre, surrounded by many demons.)* You're his old gran'father? *(HUDSON nods. RIP puts down the keg in perplexity, not untinged with alarm.)* Donner and Blitzen! here's the whole family; I'm a dead man to a certainty.

(The demons extend their arms to HUDSON, as if inquiring what they should do. He points to RIP, they do the same.)

RIP. My, my, I suppose they're speakin' about me! *(Looking at his gun, which the first demon has deposited on the ground, and which lies within his reach.)* No good shootin' at 'em; family's too big for one gun.

(HENDRICK HUDSON advances, and seats himself on the keg facing RIP. The demons slowly surround the two.)

RIP. *(Looking about him with growing apprehension.)* My, my, I don't like that kind of people at all! No, sir! I don't like any sech kind. I like that old gran'father worse than any of them. *(With a sheepish attempt to be genial, and appear at his ease.)* How you was, old gentleman? I didn't mean to in-

trude on you, did I? (HUDSON *shakes his head.*) What? (No reply.) I'll tell you how it was; I met one of your gran'children, I don't know which is the one— (Glancing around.) They're all so much alike. Well— (Embarrassed and looking at one demon.) That's the same kind of a one. Any way, this one, he axed me to help him up the mountain mit dat keg. Well, he was an old feller, an' I thought I would help him. (Pauses, troubled by their silence.) Was I right to help him? HUDSON *nods.* I say, was I right to help him? (HUDSON *nods again.*) If he was here, he would yust tell you the same thing any way, because— (Suddenly perceiving the demon he had met below.) Why, dat's the one, ain't it? (The demon *nods.*) Yes; dat is the one, dat's the same kind of a one dat I met. Was I right to come? (HUDSON *nods approval.*) I did n't want to come here, anyhow; no, sir, I did n't want to come to any such kind of a place. (After a pause, seeing that no one has anything to say.) I guess I better go away from it. (RIP *picks up his gun, and is about to return by the way he came; but the demons raise their hands threateningly, and stop him. He puts his gun down again.*) I did n't want to come here, anyhow— (Grumbling to himself, then pulling himself together with an effort, and facing HUDSON.) Well, old gentleman, if you mean to do me any harm, just speak it right out— (Then with a little laugh.) Oh! I will die game— (Glancing around for a means of escape, and half to himself.) If I can't run away.

(HUDSON *extends a cup to RIP, as if inviting him to drink.*)

RIP. (Doubtfully.) You want me to drink mit you? (HUDSON *nods.* RIP *approaches him cautiously, unable to resist the temptation of a drink.*) Well, I swore off drinkin'; but as this is the first time I see you, I won't count this one— (He *takes the cup.* HUDSON *holds up another cup.* RIP *is reassured, and his old geniality returns.*) You drink mit me? We drink mit one another? HUDSON *nods affirmatively.* RIP *feels at home under these familiar circumstances, and becomes familiar and colloquial again.*) What's the matter mit you, old gentleman, anyhow? You go and make so (Imitating the demon)

mit your head every time; was you deaf? (HUDSON *shakes his head.*) Oh, nein. (Laughing at his error.) If you was deaf, you would n't hear what I was sayin'. Was you dumb? (HUDSON *nods yes.*) So? You was dumb? (HUDSON *nods again.*) Has all of your family the same complaint? (HUDSON *nods.*) All the boys dumb, hey? All the boys dumb. (All the demons *nod.* Then, suddenly, as if struck with an idea.) Have you got any girls? (HUDSON *shakes his head.*) Don't you? Such a big family, and all boys?

(HUDSON *nods.*)

RIP. (With profound regret.) That's a pity; my, that's a pity. Oh, my, if you had some dumb girls, what wives they would make— (Brightening up.) Well, old gentleman, here's your good health, and all your family— (Turning, and waving to them.)—may they live long and prosper.

(RIP *drinks. As he does so, all the demons lean forward, watching the effect of the liquor. RIP puts his hand to his head. The empty cup falls to the ground.*)

RIP. (In an awed and ecstatic voice.) What for licker is that! (As he turns, half reeling, he sees HUDSON holding out to him another cup. He snatches it with almost frantic eagerness.) Give me another one! (He empties it at a draught. A long pause follows during which the effect of the liquor upon RIP becomes apparent; the light in his eyes fades, his exhilaration dies out, and he loses his grasp on the reality of his surroundings. Finally, he clasps his head with both hands, and cries in a muffled, terrified voice.) Oh, my, my head was so light, and now, it's heavy as lead! (He reels, and falls heavily to the ground. A long pause. The demons begin to disappear. RIP becomes dimly conscious of this, and raises himself on his elbow.) Are you goin' to leave me, boys? Are you goin' to leave me all alone? Don't leave me; don't go away. (With a last effort.) I will drink your good health, and your family's—

(He falls back heavily, asleep)

CURTAIN.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE 1. *As the curtain rises, the same high peaks of the Kaatskills, and the far-stretching valley below, are disclosed in the gray light of dawn.*

RIP is still lying on the ground, as in the last act, but he is no longer the RIP we knew. His hair and beard are long and white, bleached by the storms that have rolled over his head during the twenty years he has been asleep.

As he stirs and slowly rises to a half-sitting posture, we see that his former picturesque rags have become so dilapidated that it is a matter of marvel how they hold together. They have lost all traces of color, and have assumed the neutral tints of the moss and lichens that cover the rocks.

His voice, when he first speaks, betrays even more distinctly than his appearance the lapse of time. Instead of the full round tones of manhood, he speaks in the high treble of feeble old age. His very hands have grown old and weather-beaten.

RIP. *(Staring vacantly around.)* I wonder where I was. On top of the Kaatskill Mountains as sure as a gun! Won't my wife give it to me for stopping out all night? I must get up and get home with myself. *(Trying to rise.)* Oh, I feel very bad! What is the matter with my elbow? *(In trying to rub it, the other one gives him such a twinge that he cries out.)* Oh! the other elbow is more badder than the other one. I must have cotched the rheumatix a-sleepin' mit the wet grass. *(He rises with great difficulty.)* Ooh! I never had such rheumatix like that. *(He feels himself all over, and then stands for a moment pondering, and bewildered by a strange memory.)* I was n't sleeping all the time, needer. I know I met a queer kind of a man, and we got drinkin' and I guess I got pretty drunk. Well, I must pick up my gun, and get home mit myself. *(After several painful attempts, he succeeds in picking up his gun, which drops all to pieces as he lifts it. RIP looks at it in amazement.)* My gun must have cotched the rheumatix too. Now, that's too bad. Them fellows have gone and stole my good gun, and leave me this rusty old barrel. *(RIP begins slowly to climb over the peak*

towards the path by which he descended, his memory seeming to act automatically. When he reaches the point, where he can look out over the valley, he stops in surprise.) What that the village of Falling Water I see? Why, the place is more twice the size it was last night *(He sinks down.)* I don't know w I am dreaming, or sleeping, or w *(Then pulling himself together with great effort, and calling up the idea in his wife to act as whip and spur waning powers, he says, with his conviction, as he gets up again:—)* I go home to my She'll let me know whether I'm or awake or not. *(Almost unable to proceed.)* I don't know if I will get home, my knees are so stiff backbone, it's broke already.

(As the curtain falls, RIP standing on the barrel of his gun a staff, with one hand raised, looks out over the valley.)

SCENE 2. *A comfortable-looking room in DERRICK'S house. As the curtain falls, MEENIE and GRETCHEN enter. MEENIE is a tall young woman of twenty; GRETCHEN is a matronly figure with white hair. They are well dressed, and have every appearance of physical material prosperity.*

GRETCHEN. I am sent to you by your mother, Meenie.

MEENIE. Oh, don't call him so; he is my father! He is your husband; but I owe him no love. his cruel treatment of you—

GRETCHEN. Hush, child! Oh, if he knew you, he would make me pay for disrespectful word you utter.

MEENIE. Yes; he would beat you, and degrade you. You are not his mother, but his menial.

GRETCHEN. My spirit is broken, Meenie. I cannot resent it. Nay, I deserve for as Derrick now treats me, treated your poor father when he was alive.

MEENIE. You, mother? You, so good? You, who are weakness and patience self?

GRETCHEN. Yes; because for fifteen years I have been Derrick's wife. But my temper, my cruelty, that drove him from our home twenty years

were too young then to remember

. No, mother, I recollect dear faking me on his knee, and saying Hendrick that I should be his wife; promised I would.

EN. Poor Rip! Poor, good-na, kind creature that he was! How he bore with me; and I drove like a dog from his home. I hunted into the mountains, where he perished of hunger or cold, or a prey to wild beast.

. Don't cry, mother!

DERRICK, *now grown old and bent his cane, and infinitely more disable than before. He, too, has a cane, and is dressed in a handsome suit of black silk.*)

c. Snivelling again, eh? Teach that girl of yours to be an obstinate wite?

. Oh, sir, she—

c. Hold your tongue, Miss. Speak you're spoken to. I'll have you to understand that there's but one r here. Well, mistress, have you her my wishes; and is she prepared to obey them?

EN. Indeed, sir, I was trying to—
c. Beating about the bush, pre-
tending, and sneaking, as you usually

. If you have made her your slave, must expect her to cringe.

c. (*Approaching her threateningly*) What's that?

EN. Meenie! Meenie! For Heaven's sake, do not anger him!

c. (*Raising his cane.*) She had not.

. (*Defiantly.*) Take care how you raise your hand to me, for I'll keep strict account of it. And when Hendrick comes back from sea, he'll make mart for it, I promise you.

c. Is the girl mad?

. He thrashed your nephew once for being insolent to me. Go and ask how Hendrick pays my debts; and when you speak to me you'll mind stops.

c. (*To GRETCHEN.*) Oh, you shall for this!

EN. No, Derrick, indeed, indeed I not urged her to this! O, Meenie, speak so to him; for my sake for-

MEENIE. For your sake, yes, dear mother. I forgot that he could revenge himself on you.

DERRICK. As for your sailor lover, Hendrick Vedder, I've got news of him at last. His ship, the *Mayflower*, was lost three years ago, off Cape Horn.

MEENIE. No, no. Not lost?

DERRICK. If you doubt it, there's the *Shipping Gazette*, in on my office table. You can satisfy yourself that your sailor bully has gone to the bottom.

GRETCHEN. Oh, sir, do not convey the news to her so cruelly.

DERRICK. That's it. Because I don't sneak and trick and lie about it, I'm cruel. The man's dead, has been dead and gone these two years or more. The time of mourning is over. Am I going to be nice about it this time of day?

MEENIE. Then all my hope is gone, gone forever!

DERRICK. So much the better for you Hendrick's whole fortune was invested in that ship. So there's an end of him and your expectations. Now you are free, and a beggar. My nephew has a fancy for you. He will have a share of my business now, and my money when—when I die.

GRETCHEN. Do not ask her to decide now!

DERRICK. Why not? If she expects to make a better bargain by holding off, she's mistaken.

GRETCHEN. How can you expect her to think of a husband at this moment?

DERRICK. Don't I tell you the other one is dead these two years?

GRETCHEN. (*Leading MEENIE away.*) Come, my child. Leave her to me, sir; I will try and persuade her.

DERRICK. Take care that you do; for if she don't consent to accept my offer, she shall pack bag and baggage out of this house. Aye, this very day! Not a penny, not a stitch of clothes but what she has on her back, shall she have! Oh, I've had to deal with obstinate women before now, and I've taken them down before I've done with them. You know who I mean? Do you know who I mean? Stop. Answer me! Do you know who I mean?

GRETCHEN. (*Submissively.*) Yes, sir.

DERRICK. Then why didn't you say so before? Sulky, I suppose. There, you may be off.

SETH. Yes; and married again.

RIP. (*Fiercely.*) How would she do such a thing like that?

SETH. Why, easy enough. After Rip died, she was a widow, wasn't she?

RIP. Oh, yes. I forgot about Rip's being dead. Well, and then?

SETH. Well, then Derrick made love to her.

RIP. (*Surprised, and almost amused.*) What for Derrick? Not Derrick Von Beekman?

SETH. Yes, Derrick Von Beekman.

RIP. (*Still more interested.*) Well, and then?

SETH. Well, then her affairs went bad; and at last she married him.

RIP. (*Turning it over in his mind.*) Has Derrick married Gretchen?

SETH. Yes.

RIP. (*With a flash of his old humour, but still with no laughter.*) Well, I did n't think he would come to any good; I never did. So she cotched Derrick, eh? Poor Derrick!

SETH. Yes.

RIP. Well, here's their good health, and their family's, and may they all live long and prosper! (*Drinks.*)

SETH. Now, old gent, had n't you better be going home, wherever that is?

RIP. (*With conviction.*) Where my home was? Here's where it is.

SETH. What, here in this village? Now do you think we're going to keep all the half-witted strays that choose to come along here? No; be off with you. Why, it's a shame that those you belong to should allow such an old tramp as you to float around here.

VILLAGERS. (*Roughly, and trying to push him along.*) Yes; away with him!

RIP. (*Frightened, and pleading with them.*) Are you going to drive me away into the hills again?

FIRST VILLAGER. Yes; away with him! He's an old tramp.

(*Enter HENDRICK, with stick and bundle, followed by some of the women of the village.*)

VILLAGERS. Away with him!

HENDRICK. (*Throwing down bundle.*) Avast there, mates. Where are you towing that old hulk to? What, you won't? (*Pushing crowd aside, and going forward.*) Where are you towing that old hulk to?

SETH. Who are you?

HENDRICK. I'm a man, every inch of me; and if you doubt it, I'll undertake to remove the suspicions from any two of you in five minutes. Ain't you ashamed of yourselves? Don't you see the poor old creature has but half his wits?

SETH. Well, this is no asylum for worn out idiots.

VILLAGERS. (*Coming forward.*) No, it ain't!

HENDRICK. Ain't it?

OMNES. No, it ain't.

HENDRICK. Then I'll make it a hospital for broken heads if you stand there much longer. Clear the decks, you lubberly swabs! (*Drives them aside. Turns to RIP, who stands bewildered.*) What is the cause of all this?

RIP. (*Helplessly.*) I don't know, do you?

HENDRICK. (*To villagers.*) Do any of you know him?

FIRST VILLAGER. No; he appears to be a stranger.

HENDRICK. (*To RIP.*) You seem bewildered. Can I help you?

RIP. (*Feebly.*) Just tell me where I live.

HENDRICK. And don't you know?

RIP. No; I don't.

HENDRICK. Why, what's your name?

RIP. (*Almost childishly.*) I don't know; but I believe I know vat it used to be. My name, it used to be Rip Van Winkle.

VILLAGERS. (*In astonishment.*) Rip Van Winkle?

HENDRICK. Rip Van Winkle? Impossible!

RIP. (*Pathetically feeble, and old.*) Well, I would n't swear to it myself. I tell you how it was: Last night, I don't know about the time, I went away up into the mountains, and while I was there I met a queer kind o' man, and we got drinkin'; and I guess I got pretty drunk. And then I went to sleep; and when I woke up this morning, I was dead. (*All laugh.*)

HENDRICK. Poor old fellow; he's crazy. Rip Van Winkle has been dead these twenty years. I knew him when I was a child.

RIP. (*Clutching at a faint hope.*) You don't know me?

HENDRICK. No; nor anybody else here, it seems.

(*The villagers, finding that there is to be no amusement for them, straggles off to their occupations.*)

SETH. (*As he goes into the inn.*) Why, wife, he's as cracked as our old teapot.

SETH. (*Aside.*) There appears to be something queer about this old chap; I wonder who he is. (*Rising and taking chair over to RIP.*) There, old gentle: man, be seated.

RIP. (*Seating himself with great difficulty, assisted by SETH.*) Oh, thank you; every time I move a new way, I get another pain. My friend, where is the house what you live in?

SETH. (*Pointing at inn.*) There.

RIP. Did you live there yesterday?

SETH. Well, rather.

RIP. No, it is Nick Vedder what live in that house. Where is Nick Vedder?

SETH. Does he? Then I wish he'd pay the rent for it. Why, Nick Vedder has been dead these fifteen years.

RIP. Did you know Jacob Stein, what was with him?

SETH. No; but I've heard of him. He was one of the same sort as Rip and Nick.

RIP. Yes, them fellows was all pretty much alike.

SETH. Well, he went off the hooks a short time after Rip.

RIP. Where has he gone?

SETH. Off the hooks.

RIP. What is that, when they go off the hooks?

SETH. Why, he died.

RIP. (*With an air of hopelessness.*) Is there anybody alive here at all? (*Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, convinced of the impossibility of what he hears.*) That man is drunk what talks to me.

SETH. Ah, they were a jolly set, I reckon.

RIP. Oh, they was. I knowed them all.

SETH. Did you?

RIP. Yes, I know Jacob Stein, and Nick Vedder, and Rip Van Winkle, and the whole of them. (*A new idea strikes him, and he beckons to SETH, whom he asks, very earnestly.*) Oh, my friend, come and see here. Did you know Schneider?

SETH. Schneider! Schneider! No, I never heard of him.

RIP. (*Simply.*) He was a dog. I thought you might know him. Well, if dat is so, what has become of my child Meenie, and my wife Gretchen? Are they gone, too? (*Turning to look at the ruins of the house.*) Yah, even the house is dead.

SETH. Poor, old chap! He seems quite cast down at the loss of his friends. I'll

step in and get a drop of something to cheer him up. (*Exit.*)

RIP. (*Puzzling it out with himself.*) I can't make it out how it all was; because if this here is me, what is here now, and Rip Van Winkle is dead, then who 'am I? That is what I would like to know. Yesterday, everybody was here; and now they was all gone. (*Very forlorn.*)

(*Re-enter SETH, followed by the villagers.*)

SETH. (*Offering RIP the cup.*) There, old gent, there's a drop of something to cheer you up.

RIP. (*Shaking hands with SETH and KATCHEN.*) Oh, thank you. I—I—I swore off; but this is the first time what I see you. I won't count this one. (*His voice breaks.*) My friend, you have been very kind to me. Here is your good health, and your family's, and may they all live long and prosper!

SETH. I say, wife, ain't he a curiosity fit for a show?

RIP. (*Aside.*) That gives me courage to ask these people anodder question. (*He begins with difficulty.*) My friend, I don't know whether you knowed it or not, but there was a child of Rip,—Meenie her name was.

SETH. Oh, yes; that's all right.

RIP. (*With great emotion, leaning forward.*) She is not gone? She is not dead? No, no!

SETH. No; she is alive.

RIP. (*Sinking back with relief.*) Meenie is alive. It's all right now,—all right now.

SETH. She's the prettiest girl in the village.

RIP. I know dat.

SETH. But if she wastes her time waiting on Hendrick Vedder, she'll be a middle-aged woman before long.

RIP. (*Incredulously.*) She's a little child, only six years old.

SETH. Six-and-twenty, you mean.

RIP. (*Thinking they are making fun of him.*) She's a little child no bigger than that. Don't bodder me; I don't like that.

SETH. Why, she's as big as her mother.

RIP. (*Very much surprised that SETH knows GRETCHEN.*) What, Gretchen?

SETH. Yes, Gretchen.

RIP. Is n't Gretchen dead?

SETH. No. She's alive.

RIP. (*With mixed emotions.*) Gretchen is alive, eh! Gretchen's alive!

(*Seeing RIP.*) Yes, to become a thing of rags and misery, like that poor soul.
 RIP. She always drove the beggars away; I suppose I must go.

(*Getting up, and starting to go.*)
 GRETCHEN. (*Taking penny from her pocket.*) Here, my poor man, take this. It is only a penny; but take it, and may God bless you, poor wanderer, so old, so helpless. Why do you come to this strange place, so far from home?

RIP. (*Keeping his face turned away from her.*) She don't know me; she don't know me!

GRETCHEN. Are you alone in the world?

RIP. (*Trying to bring himself to look directly at GRETCHEN.*) My wife asks me if I'm alone.

GRETCHEN. Come with me. How feeble he is; there, lean on me. Come to yonder house, and there you shall rest your limbs by the fire.

(*GRETCHEN takes his arm, and puts it in her own. As they move towards her house, RIP stops, and, with an effort, turns and looks her full in the face, with a penetrating gaze, as if imploring recognition, but there is none; and, sadly shaking his head, he shrinks into himself, and allows her to lead him tottering off.*)

SCENE 4. *The same room in DERRICK'S home as in Scene 2.*

(*Enter DERRICK.*)

DERRICK. I don't know what women were invented for, except to make a man's life miserable. I can get a useful, hard-working woman to keep my house clean, and order my dinner for me, for half that weak, snivelling creature costs me.

(*Enter COCKLES.*)

COCKLES. Well, uncle, what news; will she have me?

DERRICK. Leave it to me; she must, she shall.

COCKLES. If she holds out, what are we to do? It was all very well, you marrying Rip's widow, that choked off all inquiry into his affairs; but here's Meenie, Rip's heiress, who rightly owns all this property; if we don't secure her, we're not safe.

DERRICK. You've got rid of Hendrick Vedder; that's one obstacle removed.

COCKLES. I'm not so sure about that. His ship was wrecked on a lone island, but some of the crew may have been saved.

DERRICK. If he turns up after married, what need you care?

COCKLES. I'd like nothing better; to see his face when he saw around his sweetheart—my wife, if he turns up before our marriage.

DERRICK. I must put the screw on him where.

COCKLES. I'll tell you, Meenie. I'll do anything for her mother's sake, but you are always threatening to run out, as she turned out Rip. That's a tender place. Meenie fears more for her mother, than she cares for herself.

DERRICK. Well, what am I to do?

COCKLES. Make Gretchen independent of you; settle the little fortune she has, that you are always talking about, but never keeping your word. The girl will sell herself to secure her happiness.

DERRICK. And it would be a chance for me. I was just talking it to Gretchen this morning. You have the girl; but I hope you are going to marry her out of any wrong feeling of love. You're not going to make a fool of you by and by?

COCKLES. I never cared for her, but I was impudent to me, and got the lover of hers to thrash me; and began to feel a hunger for her I felt before.

DERRICK. That's just the way I married Gretchen.

COCKLES. 'Tain't revenge that I feel, but enterprise. I want to overcome the culty.

DERRICK. (*Chuckling.*) And so shall. Come, we'll put your scheme on at once; and let this be a lesson to you hereafter, never marry a man's widow.

COCKLES. No, uncle; I'll take advantage of your book, and let it be a warning to her. (1)

SCENE 5. *A plain sitting-room in DERRICK'S house. A table stands in the centre with several chairs around it. On the table are cups, a jug, and a workbox. As the curtain rises, COCKLES is discovered seated by the table.*

MEENIE. Why should I repine? Did my mother hesitate to sacrifice her life to make a home for me? No; these tears are ungrateful, selfish.

(The door at the back opens.)

GRETCHEN enters, leading RIP, who seems very feeble and a little wild.)

GRETCHEN. Come in and rest a while.

RIP. This your house, your home?

GRETCHEN. Yes. Meenie, Meenie, bring him a chair.

RIP. (Turning aside so as to shield his face from MEENIE.) Is that your daughter?

GRETCHEN. That is my daughter.

RIP. (Looking timidly at MEENIE, as GRETCHEN helps him into a chair.) I thought you was a child.

GRETCHEN. (Crossing to go into another room, and speaking to MEENIE, who starts to follow her.) Stay with him until I get some food to fill his wallet. Don't be frightened, child, he is only a simple, half-witted creature whose misery has touched my heart.

(Exit. MEENIE takes her workbasket and starts to follow.)

RIP. (Holding out his hand to detain her, and speaking with hardly suppressed excitement.) One moment, my dear. Come here, and let me look at you. (Pathetically.) Are you afraid? I won't hurt you. I only want to look at you; that is all. Won't you come? (MEENIE puts down her workbasket; and RIP is relieved of his great fear that she might leave him. His excitement increases as he goes on in his struggle to make her recognize him.) Yes, I thought you would. Oh, yah, that is Meenie! But you are grown! (MEENIE smiles.) But see the smile and the eyes! That is just the same Meenie. You are a woman, Meenie. Do you remember something of your father?

(He looks at her eagerly and anxiously, as if on her answer hung his reason and his life.)

MEENIE. I do. I do. Oh, I wish he was here now!

RIP. (Half rising in his chair, in his excitement.) Yah? But he isn't? No? No?

MEENIE. No; he's dead. I remember him so well. No one ever loved him as I did.

RIP. No; nobody ever loved me like my child.

MEENIE. Never shall I forget his dear, good face. Tell me—

RIP. (Eagerly and expectantly.) Yah?—MEENIE. Did you know him?

RIP. (Confused by her question, and afraid to answer.) Well—I thought I did. But I— When I say that here, in the village, the people all laugh at me.

MEENIE. He is wandering.

(She starts to go.)

RIP. (Making a great effort of will, and resolved to put the question of his identity to the test.) Don't go away from me. I want you to look at me now, and tell me if you have ever seen me before.

MEENIE. (Surprised.) No.

RIP. (Holding out his arms to her.) Try, my darlin', won't you?

MEENIE. (Frightened.) What do you mean? Why do you gaze so earnestly and fondly on me?

RIP. (Rising from his chair, in trembling excitement, and approaching her.) I am afraid to tell you, my dear, because if you say it is not true, it may be it would break my heart. But, Meenie, either I dream, or I am mad; but I am your father.

MEENIE. My father!

RIP. Yes; but hear me, my dear, and then you will know. (Trying to be logical and calm, but labouring under great excitement.) This village here is the village of Falling Waters. Well, that was my home. I had here in this place my wife, Gretchen, and my child Meenie—little Meenie— (A long pause, during which he strives to reassemble his ideas and memories more accurately.) and my dog Schneider. That's all the family what I've got. Try and remember me, dear, won't you? (Pleadingly.) I don't know when it was— This night there was a storm; and my wife drove me from my house; and I went away—I don't remember any more till I come back here now. And see, I get back now, and my wife is gone, and my home is gone. My home is gone, and my child—my child looks in my face, and don't know who I am!

MEENIE. (Rushing into his arms.) I do! Father!

RIP. (Sobbing.) Ah, my child! Somebody knows me now! Somebody knows me now!

MEENIE. But can it be possible?

RIP. Oh, yah; it is so, Meenie! (With a pathetic return of his uncertainty.)

Don't say it is not, or you will kill me if you do.

MEENIE. No. One by one your features come back to my memory. Your voice recalls that of my dear father, too. I cannot doubt; yet it is so strange.

RIP. Yah, but it is me, Meenie; it is me.

MEENIE. I am bewildered. Surely mother will know you.

RIP. (*Smiling.*) No, I don't believe she'll know me.

MEENIE. She can best prove your identity. I will call her.

RIP. No. You call the dog Schneider. He'll know me better than my wife.

(*They retire to a sofa in the background, where RIP sits with his arm around MEENIE.*)

(*Enter DERRICK, with documents.*)

DERRICK. What old vagabond is this? (*MEENIE starts to resent insult.*)

RIP. Don't you say a word.

DERRICK. Here, give him a cold potato, and let him go. (*To GRETCHEN, who has entered, followed by COCKLES.*

GRETCHEN *seats herself in the chair at the right of the table.*) Come you here, mistress. Here are the papers for the young couple to sign.

COCKLES. (*Aside.*) And the sooner, the better. Hush, Uncle, Hendrick is here.

DERRICK. Young Vedder? Then we must look sharp. (*To GRETCHEN.*) Come, fetch that girl of yours to sign this deed.

GRETCHEN. Never shall she put her name to that paper with my consent. Never.

DERRICK. Dare you oppose me in my own house? Dare you preach disobedience under my roof?

GRETCHEN. I dare do anything when my child's life's at stake. No, a thousand times, no! You shall not make of her what you have of me. Starvation and

death are better than such a life as I lead.

DERRICK. (*Raising cane.*) Don't provoke me.

GRETCHEN. (*Kneeling.*) Beat me, starve me. You can only kill me. After all, I deserve it. (*Rising.*) But Meenie has given her promise to Hendrick Vedder, and she shall not break her word.

COCKLES. (*Seated at right of table.*) But Hendrick Vedder is dead.

(*The door is flung open, and HENDRICK enters.*)

HENDRICK. That's a lie! He's alive!

GRETCHEN and MEENIE. (*Rushing to him.*) Alive!

HENDRICK. (*To MEENIE.*) I've heard all about it. They made you believe that I was dead. (*To DERRICK.*) Only wait till I get through here. (*Embracing MEENIE.*) What a pleasure I've got to come! (*To DERRICK.*) And what a thrashing I've brought back for you two swabs.

DERRICK. (*Angrily.*) Am I to be bullied under my own roof by a beggarly sailor! Quit my house all of you. (*Seizes GRETCHEN, and drags her away from the crowd.*) As for you, woman, this is your work, and I'll make you pay for it.

GRETCHEN. Hendrick, save me from him. He will kill me.

HENDRICK. Stand off!

DERRICK. (*Raising cane.*) No; she is my wife, mine.

GRETCHEN. Heaven help me, I am!

(*RIP has risen from the sofa, and come forward, and leans against the centre of the table, with one hand in his game-bag. He is fully awake now, and has recovered all his old shrewdness.*)

RIP. Stop. I am not so sure about that. If that is so, then what has become of Rip Van Winkle?

COCKLES. He's dead.

RIP. That's another lie. He's no more dead than Hendrick Vedder. Derrick Von Beekman, you say this house and land was yours?

DERRICK. Yes.

RIP. Where and what is the paper what you wanted Rip Van Winkle to sign when he was drunk, but sober enough not to do it? (*Taking an old paper out of game-bag, and turning to HENDRICK.*) Have you forgot how to read?

¹In reply to a question why "Rip" should sit with his arm around "Meenie," during the next scene, when the other persons in the drama are still present, and are still ignorant of his identity, Mr. Jefferson said: "The other persons are occupied with their own affairs, and are not supposed to see this. It is natural that 'Rip' should embrace his daughter whom he has just found, but the others are not supposed to see this. It is like a side speech on a stage. I went to a Chinese theatre once, and after the Chinese lady got through with her song, they brought her a glass of gin; she turned her back to the audience, and drank it, as much as to say, 'That's not in the play.' We are dealing with the impossible all the time on the stage; and we have got to make it appear possible. Dramatically, things may often be right, when, realistically, they are wrong. What we do is often the result of averaging the thing, determining how far good taste will admit of an error, you see; like the discord in music, --not good in itself, but good in its place."

HENDRICK. No.

RIP. Then you read that.

(HENDRICK takes the document from RIP, and looks it over.)

DERRICK. What does this mad old vagabond mean to say?

RIP. I mean, that is my wife, Gretchen Van Winkle.

GRETCHEN. (*Rushing to RIP.*) Rip! Rip!

COCKLES. I say, uncle, are you going to stand that? That old impostor is going it under your nose in fine style.

DERRICK. I'm dumb with rage. (*To the villagers, who have come crowding in.*) Out of my house, all of you! Begone, you old tramp!

HENDRICK. Stay where you are. (*To DERRICK.*) This house don't belong to you. Not an acre of land, not a brick in the town is yours. They have never ceased to belong to Rip Van Winkle; and this document proves it.

DERRICK. 'Tis false. That paper is a forgery.

HENDRICK. Oh, no, it is not; for I read it to Rip twenty years ago.

RIP. Clever boy! Clever boy! Dat's the reason I did n't sign it then, Derrick.

DERRICK. (*Approaching HENDRICK.*) And do you think I'm fool enough to give up my property in this way?

HENDRICK. No. You're fool enough to hang on to it, until we make you refund to Rip every shilling over and above the paltry sum you loaned him upon it. Now, if you are wise, you'll take a hint. There's the door. Go! And never let us see your face again.

RIP. Yah; give him a cold potato, and let him go.

(*Exit DERRICK in a great rage. All the villagers laugh at him.*) HENDRICK follows him to the door.)

COCKLES. (*Kneeling to MEENIE.*) O, Meenie! Meenie!

HENDRICK. (*Coming down, and taking him by the ear.*) I'll Meenie you! (*Takes him and pushes him out. All the villagers laugh. MEENIE gives RIP a chair.*)

GRETCHEN. (*Kneeling by the side of RIP.*) O, Rip! I drove you from your home; but do not desert me again. I'll never speak an unkind word to you, and you shall never see a frown on my face. And Rip—

RIP. Yah.

GRETCHEN. You may stay out all night, if you like.

RIP. (*Leaning back in his chair.*) No, thank you. I had enough of that.

GRETCHEN. And, Rip, you can get tight as often as you please.

RIP. (*Taking bottle, and filling the cup from it.*) No; I don't touch another drop.

MEENIE. (*Kneeling by the other side of RIP.*) Oh, yes, you will, father. For see, here are all the neighbours come to welcome you home.

(GRETCHEN offers RIP the cup.)

RIP. (*With all his old kindness and hospitality.*) Well, bring in all the children, and the neighbours, and the dogs, and— (*Seeing the cup which GRETCHEN is offering to him.*) I swore off, you know. Well, I won't count this one; for this will go down with a prayer. I will take my cup and pipe and tell my strange story to all my friends. Here is my child Meenie, and my wife Gretchen, and my boy Hendrick. I'll drink all your good health, and I'll drink your good health, and your families', and may they all live long and prosper!

CURTAIN.



812.3 .J45rq
Rip van Winkle ADJ6064
Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 044 964 927

812.3
J45rq
6

